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## Maine Farmer.

### The Transportation Question.

Questions involving the rights of railways have been discussed more or less ever since we had railroads, and wide differences of opinion have frequently been expressed by eminent lawyers, especially upon the right of the railway to control the entire matter of rates of tariff on freight and passengers. But the subject does not appear to have been definitely settled, and has been opened anew by the action of the special committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, on railway transportation, in addressing a series of questions to prominent men in various parts of the country, in regard to the right of railroads to regulate prices, and respecting other topics raised in considering the subject of Inter-State Commerce. One of these inquiries was addressed to Hon. Jere S. Black, formerly Attorney General of the United States, and one of the most distinguished lawyers of the country, who in reply thereto begins by saying that on this subject railroad men have misunderstood their situation. They believe, says he, that railways are the property of the companies authorized to run them, which is a cardinal error and the parent of much false argument. A public highway cannot be private property, and a railroad laid out and built by the authority of the State for the purposes of commerce, is as much a public highway as a turnpike road, canal or navigable river.

Proceeding in his argument, Mr. Black uses the following decisive words:

"Those who have got into the habit of calling themselves the owners of the railroads have no proprietary right, title or claim to the road themselves. The railroads have no proprietary right, title or claim to the roads."

The sumac is a shrub from six to fifteen feet high consisting of many straggling branches. The fruit becomes crimson and contains the same acid (*malic*) as the apple. The *Rhus typhina* is larger than the last, named, and has a very pungent odor. Water absorbs it in large quantities, and any one who has inhaled the odor of water of ammonia or "hartshorn," can comprehend one of its peculiarities. There are many varieties of the genus *Rhus*, and no less than four are found in New England and Canada in many respects closely resembling each other, and each containing more or less tannin.

The *Rhus glabra* is a shrub from six to fifteen feet high consisting of many straggling branches. The fruit becomes crimson and contains the same acid (*malic*) as the apple. The *Rhus typhina* is larger than the last, named, and has a very pungent odor. Water absorbs it in large quantities, and any one who has inhaled the odor of water of ammonia or "hartshorn," can comprehend one of its peculiarities. There are many varieties of the genus *Rhus*, and no less than four are found in New England and Canada in many respects closely resembling each other, and each containing more or less tannin.

The *Rhus capitata* is a smaller shrub than either of the others and is also found in dry, rocky places. It is sometimes called Mountain Sumac. Then we have the *Rhus aromatica* or Sweet Sumac, a shrub from two to six feet high growing in hedgerows and thickets. The drupes or berries in each of the varieties are red and are used for dyeing. They are acid and are used for making acid drinks in low forms of fever, and for some other purposes in medicine. The leaves and bark contain tannic acid, and hence are used for tanning leather. The ordinary observer, perhaps would notice no difference in these different varieties, as they bear a close resemblance in leaf, wood and fruit, and all pass under the common name of sumac, generally pronounced "Shoemake," but the botanist notes an important difference in many respects.

The sumac shrub of whatever variety is fine looking, and many people in going through the woods and up the hill-side in autumn pluck their beautiful scarlet and golden leaves for decorating their rooms without being aware that they possess any value except as an ornament. In Italy the sumac plant is carefully treated and cultivated, and the importation this year has been about 11,000 tons and amounts to \$1,100,000. The commercial article consists of the leaves dried and ground, which are used both for tanning and for dyeing. The American sumac contains from six to eight per cent. more of tannin than the foreign article, and would be more valuable if the public had any knowledge of it. The many attempts made to avoid the difficulty extra care in collecting, drying and grinding the leaves, have not been successful, and the conclusion had been arrived at that the bad quality was inherent in the American plant, but recently Mr. Wm. McMurtry in a report to the United States Commissioners of Agriculture, shows that this difficulty can be overcome, and the American sumac even made superior to the foreign. The sumac plant grows indigenous in many parts of New England, occupying for the most part, waste places among the rocks where little else can grow, and it would seem that at one time it was a naturalized plant in the country. The following list of topics will give some idea of the scope of the work: How to Buy a Farm; How Far the Farm Extends; What a Deed of a Farm Includes; Hiring Help; Rights in the Road; Ways over the Farm; As to Fences; Impounding Cattle; Farmers Liability for Animals; Dogs; Water Rights and Drainage; Trespassing on the Farm; Overhanging Trees. A copious analytical index is at the end of the volume, and marginal notes of reference to authorities on each page. The book is to be sold by agents; price in cloth \$1.00; in library sheepskin \$2.15.

The first annual session of the New Brunswick Board of Agriculture, was held at Fredericton, on the 14th of December. The President, Hon. Mr. Wedderburn was in the chair, and the members present were James E. Fairweather, Hampton; Fred W. Brown, Grand Falls; Thos. F. Baker, St. Mary's, York Co.; Joseph Anderson, Sackville; Robert Swan, Doakstown; Charles A. Sterling, Mangerville; Julius L. Ince, Secretary. Besides the members of the Board, who were present, there were in the room Hon. Mr. Fraser, Hon. Mr. Young, A. G. Blair, M. P. P., H. B. H. Fisher, Coun. Close, John L. Marsh, Esq., John Richards, Esq., and other prominent gentlemen. The session was an interesting one and the Board will render efficient service to the cause of Agriculture.

In trying experiments upon the resistance offered by seeds to agents, generally considered destructive of organic life, Gen. Le Due removed the list from cotton seed by means of concentrated sulphuric acid, which removed the whole of it without apparently affecting the outer brown shell. Mr. Saunders, the horticulturist of the Department, planted some of the seed after it had been washed, and it grew well, sent up plants five days earlier than those which the farmer could apply to his land, must depend the success of his farming, and his profits, other things being equal, will be in exact proportion thereto. We know now that cotton justice imperatively requires that tariff of freights be fixed, settled and prescribed by law, and that they cannot be changed at the mere caprice of the executive.

The conclusion that all the railway corporations in the country may be constitutionally restrained to reasonable and just charges, is not merely a question of the fact, but rather of the public highway. If they owned the State out and out, and delivered up the entire population to sack and pillage. It is the habit of the railroad companies to charge exorbitant rates of transportation of goods and suddenly, and in particular to make the charges ruinously high without any notice at all. The farmers of the great West have made a hard crop and are richly rewarded, but the railroads, even at the unreasonably high freights of late summer. But just now it is the railway companies that are exacting and demanding, and the amount of tolls paid by the public good. The point was, that the State has no right to regulate the rates of tolls, by such laws as will prevent, particularly, plunder and extortion. This tax must be reasonable, just, uniform, prescribed and fixed, so that every citizen may know what he is to pay, and that when he pays, or tenders the proper amount, he will acquire an absolute and perfect right to the use of the roads and railroads, and to all the benefits of the same. It is not a species of bargain between the shipper and the corporation, but a thing to be settled, fixed and prescribed by public authority. If the company can do it, it is a species of toll, but not a public highway. In a particular place, makes a contract with a corporation to open and put it in carriage to be used; and by way of reimbursing the company and operators, the amount of tolls taken from those who carry merchandise over it.

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The letter of Mr. Black has created considerable excitement among railway men all over the country, and has brought out a rejoinder from George T. Curtis, an eminent lawyer of New York, who expresses views almost exactly in opposition to those of Mr. Black, holding that railway manufacturing corporations, are on the same footing with those that establish their own rates of tolls, to establish their own rates of tolls on both passengers and freight with no more limitation and restriction than is expressed in their charters. The views of both these writers are extreme. It would seem that the railway corporations ought to be regarded as owning the land occupied by them, and through their means a new industry can be opened up to our people, they will benefit the public and perhaps make money themselves.

### Save the Dressing.

The farmer who should continually lose money from his pocket, though it might amount to only a few pence per day, would naturally feel that he was on the broad road to poverty if not the poor house, and that they could not be changed at the mere caprice of the executive.

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# The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

## The Markets.

### Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, January 5.  
Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2309; sheep and lambs, 5400; wine, 16,830; veal, 55.

Price of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, \$5 25@5 75; first, \$5 50@6 12 1/2; second, \$4 75@5 37 1/2; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bull etc., \$6 00@6 12 1/2.

Bacon Hides—\$1 50 per lb.

Brighton Tallow—6 1/2@7 1/2 per lb.

Country Hides—10 1/2@11 per lb.

Calf Skins—10@11 1/2 per lb.

Sheep Skins—\$1 50@6 1/2 per lb.

Lamb Skins—\$1 25@2 50 each.

### SALES OF CATTLE.

	No.	Price,	weight,	Average.
W. Monroe	1	4	50	1 L. W.
do	2	5	80	133
do	3	17	50	124
do	4	13	50	126
do	5	14	60	120
do	6	15	50	125
do	7	16	40	104
E. Farrell	8	6	50	100
do	9	17	50	145
Fitch & Eames	10	7	52 1/2	120
do	11	4	65	125
J. Stetson & Co	12	6	12 1/2	140
do	13	9	60	117
C. Lovell & Son	14	6	20	1317
do	15	6	25	125
do	16	5	12 1/2	125
Rueff & Howes	17	5	10	125
do	18	10	40	125
J. Libby & Brown	19	4	50	1500
do	20	7	50	1300
J. C. D. Libby	21	2	50	1700
J. Allen	22	6	00	1350
J. Hodges	23	10	5 3/4	1536

Trade for Beef cattle has been active at an advance of 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 cent per pound over the last month.

Market was more quiet than Cattle brought in than has been before for several months past, some of the best ones being at 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 per lb. weight.

Most of the cattle were sent out in the day yesterday, J. C. D. Libby brought in from Maine a very nice pair of 3-year old Hereford Steers, for which they refused 9 1/2 per lb. live weight was 3 1/2.

Working Oxen—Have been in moderate demand. The supply in market was light.

We quote sales of: 1 pair gins, 1100 lbs. 2105; 1 pair gins & cr., 6 lbs. L. W. 2500 lbs. 2115;

1 pair gins & cr., 10 lbs. L. W. 2400 lbs. 2155;

1 pair gins & cr., 0 in. L. W. 1800 lbs. 2075;

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1 pair gins & cr., 0 in. L. W. 1800

# The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

## Poetry.

### How the Farmer Missed It.

*The old, old story brief,  
When the sparrow's mate, the robin began to sing,  
And the world was over-joyed!*

*But basic makes waste, and the story sweet,  
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing,  
The sowing, the reaping, the harvest, the grain,  
And give them a chance for growing.*

*Had I even told the tale in June,  
When the wind through the grass was blowing,  
Instead of the rain, it rained too soon,  
And waiting till the time had come!*

*Or had I hinted, out under the stars,  
That I knew a story worth hearing,  
Lingered on the pastures, the paths, the road,  
Nor waited for the spring?*

*Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,  
But I've grown wise without glory,  
Since love is the crop not gathered in.  
For my neighbor told her the story.*

### Our Story Teller.

### HARRY HAROURT'S DREAM.

BY ANGUS SCOTT DUNWAY.

Harry Harourt was not given to dreaming on ordinary occasions; in fact, he seldom dreamt at all, save in a sound sleep, with a stomach like a balloon's and a conscience like a baby's.

An easy conscience and good digestion are the best preservatives of healthy sleep; but Harry Harourt did not wonder that Harry Harourt slept well.

Harry Harourt had a hobby. Most practical and impractical people have hobbies. My brother, however, was a man who financed his political legal and every way superimposed powers of men's responsibility over women's duties in raising a family and providing for the household.

He had a hobby, a little woman with a big family. Pale little women are very apt to be mothers of big families. They are like decaying apple trees—especially fruitless because of their predisposition to early death.

Mr. Harourt's children were boys, rubby, rollicking, jolly little romping fellows, whose bones would peer through their tattered and torn elbows would get splashed in spite of their pale mother's undying assistance.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mrs. Harourt, I am sure I could easily find a job and trousers in order," said Harry Harourt, one day, when Ben and Billy came rushing into the great unperfumed farm-house, driving a tandem of two boys, a boy and a girl, tracking up onto the newly-mown floor.

The boys walked right in, the boy, who had just fallen asleep after an hour of incessant rocking while the mother had weakly plied him with tea, and upset his work-load in a heap as they galloped around the room in high glee.

Harry always said "Mrs. Harourt" when he meant his wife, or if I had the control of my own earnings as you do, I'd once in a while be able to buy the children something new to wear, but they wouldn't always want to spend up their allowance.

"That's all a woman knows about economy. You'd break me up in three months if you had a free swing at the finances. New clothes for the winter, indeed. Let me tell you about old ones!"

"What that they have been doing all along, Mr. Harourt, and they were mostly made up of old clothes in the first place. If we had a free swing from a woman's eye that you impose upon me without any remuneration whatever, I would earn money and buy clothes for the children as fast as they are needed."

"I'm afraid no woman can afford to do such a thing," said Harry Harourt, con-

tinually.

"I could do more work than you do, Mrs. Harourt, and get along with less money, and a woman may not be bound to the same time, at the least," said Harry Harourt, con-

tinually.

"'Coud you now?" asked the pale little woman, with bitter smile.

"Of course, I can. Women have no responsibilities. I support my family and bear all the burdens of life. I can remember, too, some reflections as in order, Mrs. Harourt, that was there with me, and no care nor responsibilities, we're not burdened to children to me, and nothing under the sun to ruffle my temper."

"Would you like to be rid of me, Harry?"

The indignant husband did not answer in words, but he gave vent to a prolonged whistle and left the room, banging the door after him. The noise that jarred the whole house and set her nerves straining like many stinging bees in swarming time.

The baby sobbed itself into a grieved and uneasy state, and the tandem team and rollicking drive of boys and girls, the noise of the woodshed, and the house was still again.

In a little while the trousers were mended, but the over-turned contents of the up-to-work-and-down-to-sleep—so out at the ends of their legs and ragged in the ribbing; shirts, minor buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows, and wristbands frayed at the corners, and pockets torn into shreds; more trousers, and a torn belt to supply with a new strap. It was a short supper time, too, and this was Saturday.

Mrs. Harourt was far too conscientious to do any work on Sunday that could be avoided, and all this mountain of "easy, responsible work" must be finished before she could sleep.

Mondays would bring another school day, and it would also bring about the inevitable wash day. The "mud" looks like other children if their mud looks like the mud in the effort to keep them scrubbed and fed and whole and clean.

Mrs. Harourt tiptoed softly out of the room.

The baby was nervous, like herself—no wonder, poor thing—and was easily awakened from its fitful slumbers.

The sun was no killing wood ready for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harourt was used to it. She split a piece of pitch pine into splinters and sods had a roaring fire and red-hot oven.

In her haste to prepare the wash before the baby should awake and cry, she burst her hand and scalded her potatoes and turned a heavy crust on her biscuit.

So much for laundry! And unusual this—but Harry ate heartily, and as usual rested early to rest, leaving his pale-faced wife to wash the dishes and scrub the children, and after they were tucked in bed he lay down, taking the huge basket of mandem before the mantel clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harourt felt a little anxious and a trifle sick as he looked over his wife and saw how very pale and weary she was; but he was not the man to unbend from his dignified dignity, nor did he really believe that she was in need of sympathy. He lay upon his back in the bedroom adjoining, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the hours went on, and the time grew late, until the heavy basket of mandem before the mantel clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harourt was nervous. Perhaps it was the heat of his own conscience. His stomach and his conscience were alike impervious to personal disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess what can be his secret.

He raised up on his elbow and gazed into the room where his wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch; rock, rock, rock. What the stitching and the rocking never stop?

"But perhaps it was his own conscience. His stomach and his conscience were alike impervious to personal disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess what can be his secret.

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